

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

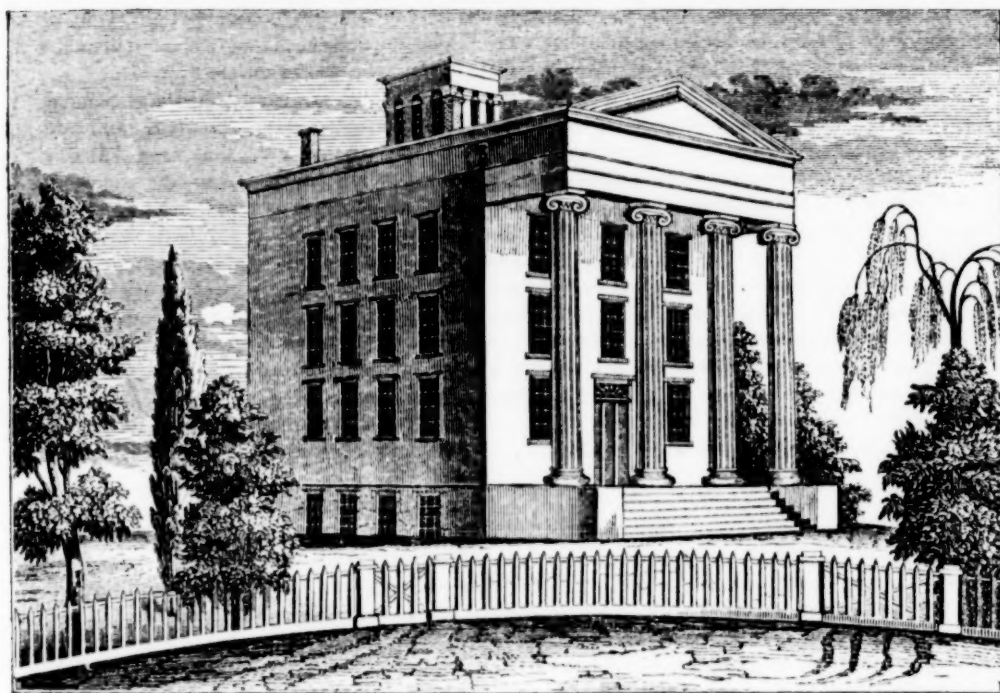
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVII.

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NUMBER 2.

DUTCHESS COUNTY ACADEMY.



No village in our Union is more highly distinguished for the number and excellence of its schools, than Poughkeepsie. Within its corporation there are twelve, male and female, all of which occupy the first rank among the schools of our country. The location of the village, on the eastern bank of the Hudson river, its general cleanliness and order, together with the beauty and grandeur of its surrounding scenery, have contributed very much to the founding and sustaining of our numerous schools. Here the lover of order, and the admirer of nature, delight to linger. Here the scholar as he leaves the classic walls of his alma mater, finds a quiet and pleasant home. These natural advantages will always secure to the village a competent number of excellent teachers.

The Dutchess County Academy was erected in the year 1836, at an expense of about \$11,000. It is situated aside from the bustle of business, in the south east part of the village. The school and recitation rooms, being all in the second story, secure to them that ease of ventilation so necessary to health and comfort. Since the Academy has been under the care of the present Principal, the average number of its pupils has been about one hundred. The apparatus connected with the Academy affords every facility for the pursuit of a thorough and practical education. The objects of the Institution are to prepare young men for college, for teachers of

common schools, for the counting-house, or any of the active pursuits of life. The number of teachers connected with the Academy is five, all of whom follow the business of teaching as their profession.

The plan of discipline is intended to elevate the moral feelings and fix in the mind and heart those relations that exist in the family, and all well regulated communities. Corporal punishment is but seldom inflicted, it being the opinion of the Principal that such exhibitions of authority serve to alienate the feelings of the governing and governed, and thus subvert the objects of a sound and healthy discipline. The boarding scholars are at all times under the immediate care of the Principal, who feels responsible, not only for their progress in study, but for the formation of proper habits at that age, which of all others imposes the highest responsibility on parents and teachers.

The terms commence on the first Wednesdays of May and November, and each continues twenty-three weeks. The expense for each scholar, including board, books, (except for the languages) stationary, bed and bedding, washing, fuel, light, and tuition, except in the modern languages and drawing, is \$90 a term.

The Teachers are, WILLIAM JENNEY, A. B. Principal and Teacher of the Mathematics; GEORGE N. TOWNSEND, A. B. Teacher of the ancient languages; ADOLPHE AWANG, A. B.

Teacher of the French language; LUTHER NORRUP, Teacher of the English branches; and R. McHELM, Teacher of Penmanship.

SELECT TALES.

From the Philadelphia Visitor.

THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER III.

"So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!"

Romeo and Juliet.

"THAT woman," said Mr. Barry, commencing his narrative, "whom you this night saw miserably stretched upon the bed of death in a yet more miserable hovel, was once the flattered beauty of fashionable circles—the gay amidst the gay—the wife of an opulent merchant. She was a haughty and ignorant woman; but the crowd respected her husband's wealth, and her upstart insolence was consequently suffered to pass unproved. She was the second wife of Mr. Fleming, an importer who had been left a widower at the age of forty-five. At the time of the first Mrs. Fleming's demise this one was a servant in the family. Influenced by the girl's personal attractions, which as far as related to a pretty face were not inconsiderable, the widower married her. By his first wife he had no children; this second union produced him two—a son and daughter.

"Mr. Fleming himself was one whose thoughts were entirely absorbed with one object—gam—the accumulation of riches. He, however, was not parsimonious; on the contrary his family expenditures were extravagantly large; but still he continued to hoard up, to grow rich. His children necessarily had the advantages of education, but as they arrived at years of maturity a wide difference of character was developed—the boy grew up a wild, reckless youth, devoted to sensual pleasures, regardless of consequences. As a contrast, his sister was one of those meek and gentle spirits who seem to be the angelic beings of another world though living in this. His name was Arthur—hers was Theresa.

"I was myself something older than young Fleming—perhaps as much as two years, though my appearance did not indicate it. I had been in his father's employment ever since a mere lad, and since the death of my parents, had resided altogether with the family. I was consequently in Theresa's company at meal-times and of evenings—in every way and on every occasion the same as her brother—more so indeed than Arthur, who wholly occupied with his pleasures, seldom, if ever, bestowed a thought upon his gentle sister. At this period Theresa was but sixteen years of age, her brother eighteen, I twenty. My place

at the table was precisely opposite to where Theresa sat; and the first symptoms of a kindred feeling were revealed to us in the blush that inevitably crimsoned our cheeks when either detected the other's gaze, or our eyes involuntarily met. In the evenings—I know not how, but so it happened—we would be sure to meet in the drawing-room; and if no one was by we were the better contented—a feeling that the reader can easily account for.

"For a long time the suspicions of Theresa's lynx-eyed mother were not aroused. Eventually however, she discovered our attachment, and vehement indeed was her rage. 'Who are you, who aspire to the hand of my daughter?' she haughtily exclaimed, 'you! a clerk in her father's employment! You, who by the recent death of your parents have heired the trifle of thirty thousand dollars—presume you that she, who will inherit her hundreds of thousands, can be a wife of your's? No, sir—no! Undeceive yourself. I am only astonished at your assurance, and shall in future be more careful with whom my daughter associates. You have taught me a lesson sir—I shall improve by it. Theresa—'

"'Madam—'

"'Come.'

"The cheeks of the gentle girl were flooded with tears, and she submissively followed her mother from the room—but fortunately, not so quickly as to lose the words which I whispered in her ear as she passed me—'send to the post-office to-morrow by one you can trust.'

"In consequence of this event, my wounded feelings would not permit me to remain any longer under the same roof—the bitter taunt had been too keenly inflicted. My clothes, books, valuables, &c. were brought from my chamber down into the hall, and I had them immediately removed to lodgings that I obtained without difficulty in the neighborhood.

"This result was by no means a matter of surprise to me—I had long expected it. I was well aware of the purse-proud feelings entertained by Mrs. Fleming. Often had I reasoned with myself, frequently had I resolved to break off my intimacy with Theresa, but then I thought of the wound it would be likely to inflict upon her gentle, her sensitive heart—the time slipped by, and still it was deferred.

"Though conscious of having acted with propriety, I lay that night upon a restless pillow in my new apartment, and awoke in the morning with a vague sense, an indescribable feeling, of loneliness.

"Mr. Fleming was indebted to me for a considerable amount—six months' salary; but the same sensibility which actuated me in regard to leaving his house, prevented me from going to demand it, or sending for it. During the morning, though, one of my fellow clerks came to me with the amount, and a note from Mr. Fleming—who stated that he was sorry to lose so good a clerk, but at the same time he entirely approved of the course his wife had adopted, and if I had not left, as I wisely did, he certainly would have discharged me. Laying aside the note, I penned a receipt for the money, and giving it to the bearer dismissed him.

"To Theresa I had already written. The

letter had been sent to the post-office—in the afternoon I received an answer to it. Here it is—I'll read it—"unlocking the little trunk and taking out a package of papers.

"May 21st 1814.

DEAR WALTER—I sent to the post-office this morning, agreeable to the request which you whispered to me last evening, by one in whom I have partially confided, and received your letter. The person to whom I refer is my own chambermaid. I think she is trustworthy, but of course shall act with discretion till assured that she is.

"Your letter is lying on the table before me; in it you speak of your feelings while speechless you stood, and listened to the angry denunciations of my mother. Feelings!—what were mine? It was with difficulty I sustained myself during the brief but trying scene. More than once a sensation of dizziness came over me, and I felt as if unable to prevent myself from sinking, which, together with the confusion of the moment and a sleepless night, has left me with an afflictive headache.

"Upon descending to the breakfast-table this morning, my parents instantly noticed my altered appearance—hollow eyes—pale cheeks. Consequently I have been enabled to keep my chamber during the day without exciting suspicion, but have very little opportunity to communicate, owing to the frequent interruptions that occur. To-night, after the family have retired, I shall again write and be more explicit.

Yours, affectionately, THERESA."

"This letter," continued the narrator, as he folded it up and replaced it in the casket, "was the first from Theresa, it was followed by the promised one the next day, in which she apologized for the brevity of the former, and satisfactorily excused the formality with which it was written. To which I promptly returned an answer. She replied again; and so it continued daily for more than six weeks. We dared not attempt an interview, and our only relief was to write—by the instrumentality of pen, ink and paper to express our thoughts. But merely to write was not sufficient; there was a void—a chasm—an aching of the heart. Though the warmth with which our feelings were expressed continued to increase, it must be confessed that the tenor of our letters to each other began to assume a tone of despondency, no longer bright with the hopes that had hitherto cheered our correspondence. Why was this? Both knew, both felt the reason—a longing, a desire to be with each other!

"In Theresa's last letter but one to me, she writes, 'Over the feelings of my bosom I have heretofore exercised a mastery, but have lost the power to do so now. Without reserve I acknowledge my unlimited affection for you, and wonder not if I express myself with proportionate warmth and enthusiasm, I wish to be where you are—by your side. But what hope is there? My mother, with Argus eyes, still watches me; we dare not meet, and there is none—no hope—none!'

"In reply to the letter from which this is extracted I admitted a reciprocal desire, a mutual longing, a wish that we could meet. I ventured to propose an elopement and marriage. Two days elapsed before I received an answer. I

began to apprehend that I had offended, or that our correspondence had been detected. Both surmises, however, were dissipated by the receipt of the following—in which, in adverting to the proposal of mine to elope and marry, she says—'You desire me to consider the propriety and practicability of such a measure. To effect an elopement, I do not think, would be a matter of difficulty; and to be the wife of one whom I so highly esteem as yourself would be the *ne plus ultra* of my fondest anticipations. It is a step, however, that should not be thoughtlessly taken; it is no common tie that binds, that links together the fortune of a married pair; but an event of the deepest importance to themselves—it involves their future happiness or misery!'

"It was finally arranged that the elopement should be attempted—the spot where we were to meet designated and the time fixed. It was a night in June, the weather was mild and pleasant; no moon shone out, and but few stars; the atmosphere was hazy, not dark, and here and there a mass of heavy clouds presented an unfavorable aspect. As the clock struck eight I repaired to the appointed place. Theresa was there before me; her mind filled with hopes and fears, with doubts and alarms, her heart beating as if it would burst.

"It was our first meeting after a separation of six weeks! shall I ever forget the thrill of that moment?

"Presently, however, Theresa's fears returned. 'Where's the carriage?' she asked in hurried accents. 'It is not here!'

"Scarcely had she spoken when the tramp of horses was heard, and in less than a minute the carriage drove up to the spot. I immediately lifted Theresa in, and helped Susan, the chambermaid, with her bundles—the latter having agreed to accompany the flight of her mistress. Repeating my directions to the driver, and having myself mounted the steps of the vehicle, the footman closed the door and the horses dashed forward.

"Theresa was now with me, but still I felt not exactly a presentiment of danger, but a sense of insecurity. The marriage-knot was yet untied, and, until legally mine, I knew that her parents had the power to tear her from me—to snatch her away—perchance forever!

"Nearly an hour had passed; suddenly the profound silence, which had hitherto been kept by the three of us inside the carriage, was interrupted by Susan, who no longer could restrain her loquacious propensity. 'Gracious! I'm so tired! Here have we been driving a full hour, and the carriage still goes as fast as it started. I wish we were there, wherever the place is. I've tried to fall asleep, but the road is so rough I can't. Jolt—jolt—jolt, continually.'

"The distance to which we are going is but short,' I answered; 'in fifteen minutes you will be at the end of your ride.'

"Well, if that's all, I won't complain,' said the girl. 'I hope when we get there, they'll give us something to eat, however—I'm hungry as a mouse.'

"Be not uneasy on that account,' I rejoined; 'you will be amply supplied.'

"Here the rattling of the carriage wheels

over the loose stones of a newly repaired part of the turnpike rendered our voices inaudible, and the dialogue ended.

"Our journey was near its conclusion. Since we started Theresa had not spoken. Bending down to her lips I pressed my own on hers with the silent thrill of youthful affection; and as I kissed I asked her why she remained so silent?"

"My tongue has been inactive," she replied, "it is true; but my mind has been busy—busy with its fears."

"Fears—is it possible—of what?" I asked.

"Of pursuit," she replied.

"Pursuit?" I repeated.

"Yes," she continued—"but be silent for the present; when the carriage stops I'll tell you more. I have my suspicions."

"Suspicions?" I again repeated.

"Hush!" said she, "hush!" familiarly placing her hand over my mouth, and by that means exacting the silence she otherwise failed to command. We had spoken in an under tone, and what we had said was purposely inaudible to the ears of the chamber-maid—who presently began to renew her uneasiness in regard to the roughness of the roads, &c. "It's a very long fifteen minutes," she muttered, "I wish my William was here to keep me company." As she spoke the carriage stopped.

"At last!" exclaimed the gratified chamber-maid, opening the door of the vehicle and springing out before the footman had time to render his assistance.

Theresa and I got out with less haste.

Mrs. Kay, the lady of the house, was ready to receive us, and immediately led three of us to an abundantly spread table, which had been prepared in expectation of our arrival. Two servants stood waiting. Theresa and I sat together at the table, and I was pleased to find that her appetite was good. She had apparently forgotten her apprehensions of pursuit. I was glad of it. For my own part I could not conjecture by what means we could possibly be traced. While in the carriage she had promised to reveal the cause of her suspicions. I had no particular desire to know it—I was satisfied of our safety myself—and if it had escaped her memory I was determined it should not be revived by me.

My intention was, however, frustrated. Susan, who, busily engaged with the edible variety upon the table, had been for some time silent, finally appeased the gnawing of her appetite and found time to talk. With a half-eaten leg of poultry in her fingers she suddenly exclaimed, "if William was here now how contented I could make myself."

Theresa's face became suddenly very pale—she almost swooned—and with a weak and tremulous voice asked to be led out of the room into the open air. I supported her as she walked out upon the piazza which surrounded the house. Taking a seat, I gently took her into my arms, and rested upon my lap her almost inanimate form. Several minutes elapsed before she recovered herself sufficiently to speak.

"Walter," she said, in a quiet and smothered voice, "now is the time for me to disclose my reasons for the suspicion I entertain that we are, or will be, pursued. My sudden illness at the

table was occasioned by Susan's mentioning the name of a servant, who is at present employed in my father's household. You recollect her observation—"if William was here how contented she could make herself"—do you not?"

"I answered 'yes.'"

"Between this William and her," continued Theresa, "a partiality exists. She seems entirely devoted to him; and I firmly believe from her he yesterday received a hint of our intended elopement. Going by chance into an apartment where they were, I discovered them in close conversation, whispering and attaching more than ordinary importance to the matter, whatever it was. That morning I had revealed to Susan my intention of eloping, and she had voluntarily proffered her services, and announced her resolution to accompany me. So intently, too, were they engaged they did not at first notice me. The noise of the door as I closed it startled them. Both reddened in the face—Susan especially; her face and neck suffused with the crimson tide as it gushed through her veins. Both were confused—their looks betrayed them—they were guilty of something—but of what I did not at the moment suspect, nor did I think seriously of it until I entered the carriage to-night, when the fact of what it very probably was, all at once struck me. In reply to some trifling question which I asked at the time, she stammered out an unintelligible answer. To-night, too, I perceived that the chamber-maid and myself were followed by some one to the place of our appointment. The person however kept at such a distance that his features were not distinguishable, but from his size and gait I am confident of its being no other than the chamber-maid's "William." To be certain of the fact that I was followed, I went otherwise unnecessarily out of my way; turning to look it was invariably verified—there was the person still following me. Several times I was upon the point of returning; probably however the family had already discovered my flight, and in that case, at my return I should be again exposed to the reprehensions of my maternal parent, as well as to the severer rebuke of my taciturn father, whose dark frown never failed distinctly to imply more than the former expressed. I had my choice—the risk of an elopement or the latter alternative. Choosing the former I hurried on; my follower was still behind us, but, turning to look when very near the place of appointment, he was gone—not to be seen."

"This was the substance of Theresa's disclosure. I endeavored to quiet her apprehensions with the possibility that it was not the person she supposed."

"No," she replied, "I have not a doubt of it, Walter—not a doubt of its being him, scarcely a doubt of his having betrayed us."

"If so, we must continue our journey at day-break," said I, "and trust to accident for a place in which to lodge. I hoped to remain here—but Fate, whose victim it seems I now am, has otherwise decreed! But you, Theresa, will still be with me, and I must, *must* be happy!"

Mrs. Kay was the widow of a captain who had commanded one of Mr. Fleming's ships. While her husband was yet living I

formed an intimate acquaintance with him and his wife. They had no children and were particularly fond of me. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Kay purchased a property in the country, a few miles from the city, to which she immediately retired. When Theresa and I formed the plan of an elopement, I wrote to her and frankly related the circumstances relative to our attachment, candidly disclosed our intention to elope, and solicited her advice in regard to it. She returned a liberal answer, and by the means of two or three more letters on each side, it was settled that our destination upon the night of elopement should be at her house. Now if Theresa was followed, as she supposed she was, for that servant to mark the road we took, return to his master, inform, and have a carriage in pursuit, would be but the work of half an hour.

Theresa's apprehensions I still endeavored to calm, but unsuccessfully. She proposed that we should go into the house again, which we did. In the hall we were met by Mrs. Kay.

"If you wish to retire, Mr. Barry," said she, "I'll show you to your chamber."

These words, though addressed to me, were intended for both—Mrs. K. supposing us man and wife. Theresa blushed deeply, and abruptly hurried into a parlor on one side of the hall, leaving the widow and myself together—the former astonished, myself disconcerted.

An explanation ensued.

"What, not married?" Mrs. Kay exclaimed. "In one of your letters to me I'm sure you implied that you *would be* before you came."

"True, madam," I answered, "but unavoidable circumstances have prevented us from entering into that holy bond."

Our not being married was unpleasant information to the ears of Mrs. Kay, who, though she did not verbally express her dissatisfaction, nevertheless took no pains to conceal it, permitting it very distinctly to be visible upon the fretful contortion of her features. Even her partiality for me did not act as a check upon the impulse of her feelings.

"I must then have two beds prepared for you instead of one," she pointedly remarked. Uttering which she left me, and I turned into the parlor where Theresa, with rather a sad expression upon her countenance, was seated. A few minutes only had elapsed when Mrs. Kay returned.

"Good night, Theresa," I fondly whispered—"fear not—I shall be prepared for any exigency that may occur." Silently but with unusual warmth, did she return my caress, then followed Mrs. Kay to the apartment allotted for her to pass the night in.

When after having conducted Miss Fleming to her chamber, the widow again returned, I followed her to my own sleeping room. This was about ten o'clock in the evening. Instead of undressing, however, I took up a volume that was lying on the table near the bed, and taking a seat commenced the perusal of it—it was a work of fiction by Charles Brockden Brown, a native of Philadelphia, a novelist and miscellaneous writer—occupied with which I remained till the oil in the lamp being nearly consumed, warned me of the lateness of the hour by the

paler effulgency emitted from the flame. Referring to my watch I found that it was after midnight; and, as it was likely that the rest of the inmates were by this time in profound slumber, I prepared to put into effect a resolution that I had formed.

"Laying aside the volume and rising from my seat, I left my chamber and cautiously treading along the gallery, went to the door of the room where Susan, the chambermaid, slept. I quietly lifted the latch and the door yielded. A lamp, as is customary with many, was burning in the chimney-corner, emitting a dull, shadowy light over the apartment; and, lest the glare of the one which I carried, if introduced into the room, should too quickly awaken the girl, I took the precaution of putting it down upon the floor outside. Upon entering I approached the bed and awakened the occupant. Her first impulse was to alarm the house, which I prevented her from doing. Perceiving who I was she became calmer.

"'Gracious, Mr. Barry, how you frightened me!' she breathlessly exclaimed. 'I thought it was a robber broke into the house!'

"Without preliminary questions I demanded if William Davis was a suitor of hers?

"'A suitor sir!' she echoed—not—or apparently not, understanding me.

"'Yes!—I added—in other words is he courting you?'

"'Me, sir! gracious!' she ejaculated.

"'Come,' said I, with a look of determination and speaking with a strong smothered emphasis—'no evasion—speak the truth, or it shall be worse for you.' I then, upon the suspicion of it, accused her of her treachery, and so unexpected was the charge she was unable to equivocate or deny, but confessed all, and confirmed the truth of Theresa's suspicions.

"'So then, you did betray the trust confided to you?' I exclaimed with a feeling of disgust.

"She blubbered an affirmative; but to the girl's excuses, apologies, and solicitations for pardon, who now began to entertain apprehensions of my resentment, I paid no attention. Commanding her to remain in bed and keep silence, I descended to the apartment where the coachman slept and awakened him, too, as well as the footman, who was his bed-fellow. They were surprised, but directing them to get up, whilst they were dressing I disclosed to them the possibility of our being pursued, and gave them orders to put horses to the carriage and station it in the rear of the house, so that easy access to it could be obtained from the back doors in case of emergency. Scarcely had we effected this arrangement before the distant roll of a carriage was heard sounding through the stillness of the night. This was doubtless Theresa's father in pursuit of us. Judging from the sound, the pursuers, were still some considerable distance behind—the road in the neighborhood was circuitous, and while they must necessarily wend through its sinuosities, plenty of time would be afforded us to escape if promptly attended to. My desire was to effect it without awaking Mrs. Kay and her household, who would consequently be ignorant of the route we should take, and be unable to assist our pursuers with any information.

"Ascending again to the sleeping apartment of the chambermaid, I bade her rise and dress herself quick in order to continue our journey; she prepared to comply but very reluctantly. I next apprised the gentle Theresa of our danger, stationed myself at her door till she should be ready. Susan soon appeared in the gallery with her bundles; Theresa a moment after joined us, and we cautiously descended the stairs together. Passing through the back door we found ourselves, as by the light of the lantern with which I had furnished myself I could see, upon a gravel-walk. A few paces brought us to a gate where stood the carriage and footman in attendance. We entered and took the road to a country town, eighteen or twenty miles distant, which we reached at day break, and were accommodated with lodgings at the better of the two hotels of any importance in the place.

"After breakfast Theresa put her arm in mine, and we walked to the residence of an Episcopal clergyman, by whom we were married! He was a young man—pale, attenuated, and apparently in a precarious state of health. He seemed to be of a cheerful disposition however, and entered into affable conversation. In reply to an inquiry of his I stated that our stay depended upon circumstances, but that we should very probably remain a week or two, if not longer. He then tendered us an invitation to hear service with his congregation on the following sabbath, which we accepted, and subsequently to some further civilities we parted with him, promising to call on him again as soon as possible. His name was Boyd.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

SUMMER.

The bright and beautiful Summer, hath come to us again—we listen to its melodies, its flowers are about our paths, and its sweets are borne to us by every passing breeze. We look around upon the creation of God, and our heads are filled with unutterable delight, as we gaze upon the glowing beauties and wonders that every where meet our eyes. All animate nature seems endowed with a new existence, and the husbandman goes cheerfully forth to his daily toil, encouraged by the promise of a rich and abundant harvest. Where is the soul so unfeeling—so dead that it has not been led to exclaim:

"How lovely thy creation is!

How marvellous, oh God!

How soft the light, how cool the dew,

You heaven, how beautifully blue;

How green this velvet sod.

"Thanks—thanks—I feel thy favor—feel

How much life's boon is worth,

And while so many a flower adorns

My pathway, (though the rose hath thorns,) I'm happy here on earth."

Are there not some moments, when the sun of prosperity shines full upon our pathway, and the circles of our friends are round us, when we feel to continue with the poet—

"Is earth then but a prelude—say

To yonder home above?

Oh! God, it makes my heart beat high,
How glorious then that heaven, where I
Yet hope to hymn thy love!

The contemplation of scenes around us, should always lead our thoughts and affections to things above. There is, in the heart of a Christian, a secret link that ever connects the visible world with the Great Invisible, and the recognition of the hand of God in all around, gives to the objects to which his attention is directed their highest charm. When he bends over a simple wild flower, he admires the skillful penciling of his heavenly Father—and tidings are borne to heaven by some ministering spirit, of the fullness of gratitude that thrills his heart, and the tear of love that sparkles in his eye. When the fearful tempest rages, and the hearts of men are filled with affright, his anxieties are hushed and his fears are lulled to rest, as a low, sweet voice comes up from the secret recesses of the soul, whispering, "Abba Father." The sweet singer of Israel felt that this was true, as he looked out upon the evening sky, and exclaimed, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained—what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him."

While the bounties of Providence are spread so profusely around us, and we are made daily partakers of his goodness, is it not fitting that our hearts should overflow with gratitude, to him who has kindly permitted us to greet once more these happy summer hours? Are we not made partakers of double blessings in being permitted to behold the happiness of our friends, and is it not an imperious duty that we bring in return the poor homage and adoration of our hearts? Had any earthly benefactor been the author of these innumerable and too often unappreciated gifts, how deep and fervent would have been our expressions of gratitude—and shall the Father of mercies alone receive no thank offerings? Surely we should delight in having our altars continually blazing with the incense of praise, for "this is good, and acceptable through Christ our Saviour." And when Christians meet, to gaze together upon the wonders of the Universe, let them not coldly talk of the beauties of nature, but with child-like simplicity and affection, exclaim, "Hath not thy hand made all these things." Then shall be fulfilled the saying of the Prophet "the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him for those who feared the Lord, and thought upon his name."

But there is still another thought it may be well for us to cherish, and which is not without a salutary influence upon the heart. Are there not among us some over whom even this beautiful season can cast no charm? To them, the melody of the birds serves only to recall the memory of those voices they shall hear on the earth no more. A light that cheered them in days that are past, hath been taken from their dwellings, and the treasures that had won their love, are hid in the dust forever. While we "rejoice with those who rejoice," let us also learn to "weep with those that weep," and if their sorrows are far beyond our power to heal, let us direct them to that Great Physician, who can heal the sorrows of the soul. Besides, let us

remember that the day is not far distant when *we too* may know by bitter experience, the sorrows they endure. If we are spared to see a few more summers, doubtless the blessed ties that bind us to earth will be unbound, and the objects of our own affection be deposited in the dust. It may be, that before the short-lived flowers that bloom around us shall have faded, the Angel of Death may visit our own habitations, and cause our own hearts, to bleed beneath his stroke. We must expect such trials—but let us not sit brooding over imaginary ills until our hearts become gloomy and misanthropic, but while we look gratefully upon the blessings we enjoy, remember that “this is not our rest.” O, seek to gather strength from One above, to bear with child-like meekness and submission all his hand shall see fit to lay upon us. Then,

“When time’s brief seasons no changes bring
We shall know an everlasting spring.”

M. E. W.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

BLANNERHASSET’S ISLAND.

“A few miles below Marietta, we passed Blannerhasset’s Island. We ran under the lee of it some distance, but the thick wood of the river obstructs any view of the interior. We saw no trace of the beautiful mansion of Blannerhasset, except a chimney at the north end of the island, which was all that escaped the fire in which that dwelling had been consumed. I hear, however, that the beautiful shrubbery still lives on the island, which was planted by Blannerhasset, and that many of the walks he laid out are now open.

“Blannerhasset was one of the Irish patriots who were compelled to flee from Ireland after their attempt to liberate themselves from the thralldom of England. He was possessed of a large amount of property, the greater part of which he was fortunate enough to render available in money before his departure. Disgusted with the corruption of courts and turmoil of politics, he sought retirement in the western wilderness, on a beautiful island in the Ohio, then on the borders of civilization. He built a princely mansion on it, and embellished it in a most costly manner. Situated on the borders of Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, he had access to very refined society, with which it was his custom constantly to intermingle and interchange civilities.

“His hospitality was unbounded, and dealt out as it was by his own chivalric courtesy and the grace of his beautiful wife, his island became the general resort of all the country around, and it is even yet celebrated for the splendid revelries and entertainments of which it was the scene. Blannerhasset was a fine sample of a polished Irish gentleman, and rendered himself a very affectionate object of regard by the amenity of his manners and disposition.

“His lady was a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, which were heightened by a pure and unimpeachable character. She reigned the Queen of this beautiful kingdom of taste and refinement, which Blannerhasset had created on the Ohio; and according to cotemporary ac-

counts, she deported herself with a grace and dignity that might have become a throne. She was a woman of high spirit and ambition, and when Burr, aware of her commanding influence over her husband, confidently entrusted her with his plans of Mexican dominion, she was fired with the boldness and intrepidity of his enterprise, and immediately determined to engage her husband as a confederate. Blannerhasset was a man of ductile temper and was easily induced by the dazzling representations of prospective glory and honor which his ambitious wife set before him to become a participator with Burr! He was moreover a liberalist of the French school, of which Aaron Burr was well aware. The gorgeous representation which Burr held up to him of Mexico redeemed from tyranny by their united efforts, fired his soul, as he entered with enthusiasm into what he believed an honorable and humane undertaking.

“When once pledged to Burr, under the mastering genius of his wife, he actively engaged in enlisting men, building boats, and preparing the essentials of his expedition. Many of the most respectable citizens of the neighboring country were connected with the affair, and deluded in the same manner as Blannerhasset. The entertainments on the island were broken up, and its shores echoed only to the muffled oar of the conspirators, as they crossed from the adjacent bank, or to the tramp of bold adventurers, as they congregated on the beach to resolve and discuss their plans of Mexican redemption. A large number of flat boats had been built on the Muskingum, and sent over to the Island, and every thing was ripe for embarkation, when the plot was discovered to the public authorities by one of the accomplices. Blannerhasset was *instantly* deserted by his followers, and left alone to brunt the scorn. Timothy Buel, commander of the militia, with a small detachment went over to arrest Blannerhasset. He had hardly set foot on the Island, before he was met by Mrs. Blannerhasset, whose spirit seemed to rise with the increasing desperation of her fortunes. She had seen the party coming, and snatching up a pair of her husband’s pistols, she ran from the house to meet them. Just as the militia major stepped out of the boat, she seized him by the shoulder, and thrusting him back, presented two formidable pistols full in his face, cocked and primed: commanding him in the most positive tone not to advance, “one step forward and I will send you into eternity; it is easier for me to do than to say it,” were her words, according to my narrator, who was one of the party. Her splendid figure drawn up to its full height, her eye fixed with a strong and determined gaze, her hands clenching firmly the pistols which she held at arm’s length, told the militia major, in language not to be mistaken, the terms on which he might advance. The old fellow quailed and trembled before the courageous woman, and was forced to turn without his victim. Blannerhasset made his escape, and is now, or was a few years since, living with his wife in poverty in France.

A young lady being asked which party she was in favor of, replied, “a wedding party.”

BIOGRAPHY.

COL. WILLIAM S. FOSTER, U. S. ARMY.

This gallant soldier, whose name is inseparably connected with some of the most brilliant events in the history of his country, died at the military post at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on the 26th of November last, aged fifty years. Being under orders to repair to Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas, at as early a period as practicable, he proceeded to New Orleans for the purpose of securing a passage for himself and family, to his post, and was attacked with the yellow fever, then raging in that city. He had only time to return and died in the bosom of his family. He did not die on the battle field, but few of his surviving officers have seen more service, and no one was more devoted to his country.

Col. Foster entered the service as a subaltern, in 1812, and in the glorious campaign of 1814, he served as a captain in the gallant army commanded by Major General Brown. He participated in the decisive engagements at Chippewa, Bridgewater and Fort Erie, which shed so much lustre on our arms, and received the brevet rank of Major, for his brave and meritorious services in the defence of Fort Erie. No men ever deserved more justly the gratitude of their country, than those gallant spirits who followed the footsteps of Brown, Scott and Ripley, through the daring and brilliant scenes of that successful campaign.

From that period until the recent hostilities in Florida, Col. Foster was continually employed in his professional duties, at various parts of the frontier, and contributed greatly by his talents and habits of discipline, to the forming and sustaining of that high character which our army has always supported when brought into danger.

Col. Foster served three campaigns in Florida with much distinction. General Taylor, in his official report of the successful battle of Oca- cheeba Lake, on the 25th December, 1837, speaks in high terms of the gallant conduct of Col. Foster. The enemy from their hammock were pouring a most deadly fire on our troops, as they advanced through an almost impassible swamp, and many valuable officers and soldiers, fell in the attempt to dislodge the savages. Our loss was so great that the advance was staggered, and victory seemed within the grasp of the enemy. At this moment Col. Foster, who was in the reserve, led his men into action, charged the enemy and drove them at the point of the bayonet. He pursued them a considerable distance, and many of the savage braves fell. For his conduct on this occasion, he was brevetted to the rank of Colonel.

Col. Foster was a man of cultivated intellect, who had read and reflected much. He was an accomplished as well as an experienced officer, and the whole period of his manhood had been devoted to the service of his country. In the death of such an officer, the public have sustained a loss not easily to be replaced; but to his family the bereavement is wholly irreparable. The emoluments, even of the higher grades in the army, do not afford to the individuals holding them, the opportunity to realize any thing for the support of those who are left behind them after their decease;

and the man whose rank, talents and services place him in the highest social position, closes his eyes with the sad reflection that he can bequeath nothing but his name to those who are dear to him.

MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

THE LOVE OF THE DEAD.

Nothing but limited and erroneous views of the life present and to come, we conceive, can prevent reflecting intelligence from taking that true observation which merges both in one. Intervals there are indeed, between separation and reunion, but how brief at the longest—how chequered at the best! That is a beautiful sentiment of Goethe, where he compares our little round of being to a summer residence in a watering place.—“When we first arrive, we form friendships with those who have already spent some time there, and must soon be gone. The loss is painful; but we connect ourselves with the second generation of visitors, with whom we spend some time and become dearly intimate; but these also depart, and we are left alone with a third set who arrive just as we are preparing for our departure.” In this true view of human life, there is nothing to displace the idea of earthly communion with those who are absent. It is a curious truth, that when two living friends part, they are as it were dead to each other, until they meet again. Letters may be interchanged—but the *present* of one is not the *present* of the other—and what gloomy event may not happen between! So that in this respect to be out of sight in the estimation of affection, is as it were to be out of the world. How little real difference, then, is there, between absence in a world of peril, of transitory continuance—and death indeed? Save only, that absence is probation, and death is not. It is a trite simile, perhaps, that in this world we are like ships on the ocean—each steering alone, amid the strife of the elements; and in the far forward distance shadowed before us the dim outlines of the Land of Death. Some reach it soonest; but thither all are bound—and there, their state is fixed, immutable, eternal. No change comes there, to the dwellers in that land of the blest, with its waters of crystal, *beyond* the shadow, “where the bright islands of refreshments lie.”

No darkness there divides the sway,
Twixt startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains:—
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns,
O'er the wide, silent scene.

These two emblems of the progress to that gate where, ere they pass, all who enter must “lay down their symbol of mortality,”—express the course and goal of mortality, sublunarily considered. Slowly, one after another, the races of mankind are vanishing away; there are sad partings and sweet remembrances. Let the first be viewed as merely separations for a season; a friendly severance of holiest ties in hope of quick renewal. Above all, oh thou that readeest, if thou art a mourner, be faithful to the injunctions of the dead! In that diversified book of Southey's, “The Doctor,” he describes the tranquil pleasure

of a bereaved husband, in touching terms. They were “to keep every thing in the same state as when the wife was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and beauty; and the birds who came in the winter for their crumbs, were fed as duly for her sake, as they formerly were by her hands.” This calm communion of the present and absent, becomes religion, hope, fidelity; enduring tenderness, beyond the stern frigidity of time: and well may each one of that retrospective brotherhood, large always in the world, who have lived and lost the lovely, and have with theirs, to meet the world's encounters, thus greet adoptedly the dear departed:

The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow;
And what were worse, thou can'st not see,
The wrongs that fall on thine or me.

“For me,” says the eloquent Sir Theopolis Browne, “I count this world, not as an inn, but as an hospital;—where our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how soon we shall be buried in our survivors.” How comfortable a thing it is, then, to cherish and remember the dead—knowing that it is but for a season, and then union will soon come! Thus, with him who mourns the absence of a consort or sister,

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination—
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precise habit,
More moving, delicate and full of life,
Than when she lived indeed.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.

THE particulars of the following very striking incident were lately told us by a friend, as a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge, and having the most perfect confidence in his veracity, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers.

In a seaport town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached on Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel there. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling; and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse—to enforce the duty of strict observation of the Sabbath—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prefatory prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed, when he suddenly paused, leaned his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and addressing the congregation, said, that before entering on his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. “It is now exactly fifteen years,” said he, “since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Among those that came hither that evening, were three young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in his

pulpit. Accordingly, they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, “why need we listen any longer to the block-head?—throw!” but the second stopped him, saying, “let us first see what he makes of this point.” The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he cried, “ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!” But here the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which brought them there. At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren,” continued the preacher with much emotion, “what were afterwards the several fates of these young men. The first was hanged many years ago at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the jail in this city. The third, my brethren”—and the speaker's agitation became excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—“the third my brethren, is he who is about to address you—*listen to him.*”—*The Watch Tower.*

ALLEGORY.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side, those two, lovely flowers; I fancy I see them even now, as in those happy days, when together they waved in the summer breezes, or drank alike of the dews of heaven: the same refreshing showers invigorated each, and they loved each other—those gentle flowers—beautiful as wanderers from Eden.

Tell me not, ye frigid mortals, that flowers cannot love; I turn from you to those summer-hearted beings, who will tell me of the oak and the ivy, of the joy the humble flowers feel, to be permitted to wave under the sheltering boughs of some majestic tree and how constantly the sun-flower turns to that object which has over it so strange and mysterious an influence. And these flowers loved; one was tender and delicate, the other strong and vigorous, and it trembled with fear whenever the rough wind blew upon its companion. But alas! a withering hand was laid upon the stronger—it soon lay upon the earth, a blighted thing, and the delicate flower was left to mourn alone, with none to care for or protect it; it felt this world is a wilderness, when all that makes life pleasant is taken from us.

But a laughing, dancing rivulet turned from its wonted course, and ran past the lonely flower; it raised its drooping head, and it smiled in beauty as the morning sun shone upon it, and, mortal-like, felt grateful that there was something to love. The rivulet was gay and happy, and the flower wished that its companion, who was lost forever, was there to admire it too—to be refreshed by its waters—to be soothed to rest at night by its murmurs, and awakened at morning by its merry tone.—But oh! the vanity of all earthly things! the rivulet was fickle, and it soon went rippling off in another direction, and no longer gladdened the heart of the lonely flower. Again it drooped and never flourished again; ere the summer winds were gone, they sighed a requiem over the spot where had bloomed and perished so lovely but ill-fated a flower.

It is comparatively easy to submit to the chast-

ening hand of our Heavenly Father, when he removes our friends by death, for there is a melancholy pleasure in reflecting that their hearts throbbed with affection for us, until the last link was severed which bound the soaring spirit to earth;—but there is no pang more bitter than that of feeling those we love, though living, are dead to us.

THE JOURNEY OF HUMAN LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life! We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning; the dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we hear no storm; and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely, hour by hour our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, left—suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noon-day sun; the friends that stand with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have become weary, and have laid down to their rest; but new hopes beckon us on. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of morning have faded, and for ever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits droop not. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the fervor of the noon-day. Still we press onward; the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The bright orb of hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the west; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them; we have outstripped them all, in our race after pleasure, and the phantom yet uncaught, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night-time of death, and weary and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy, thrice happy, is he, who hath laid up treasures for himself for the distant and unknown to-morrow.

THE CONFSSIONAL.

In a town some fifty miles from Boston, the members of a religious society were in the practice of holding conference meetings in the church at which they made a kind of audible confession, technically called recounting one's "experience." A very pious member of the church, Mr. D—, was in the habit of inviting his neighbor Mr. L—, who was not a member, to attend these meetings, at one of which Mr. D— got up and stated to the congregation that he was a great sinner—that he sinned daily with his eyes open—that he willingly and knowingly sinned—

that goodness dwelt not in him—that he was absolutely and totally depraved—that nothing but the boundless mercy and infinite goodness of God could save him from eternal damnation.—After this confession of Mr. D—, Mr. L— who had by accident been placed upon the "anxious seat," was called upon to recount his "experience." He arose with the most imperturbable gravity, stated that he had very little to say of himself, but that the brethren would remember that he had lived for five and twenty years the nearest neighbor of Mr. D—, that he knew him well—more intimately so than any other man—and it gave him great pleasure, because he could do it with entire sincerity, to confirm all that brother D— had confessed of himself. When Mr. L— sat down under the visible and audible smile of the whole congregation, the parson not excepted, Mr. D—, went up to him and said, "You are a rascal and a liar, and I'll lick you when you get out of church."—*Boston Morning Post.*

A MISTAKE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.

I WAS once dining in company with some old members of Parliament, now dead, who related a number of anecdotes, of which I recollect only this: "Mr. Pitt, once speaking in the House of Commons in the early part of his career, of the glorious war which preceded the disastrous one in which we lost the colonies, called it 'the last war.' He took no notice, and soon after repeating the mistake, he was interrupted by a general cry of 'The last war but one! the last war but one!' 'I mean, sir,' said Mr. Pitt, turning to the Speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, 'I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember!' whereupon the cry was instantaneously changed into an universal cheer, long and loud.

A SUFFICIENT REASON FOR NOT FIGHTING A DUEL.—M. de Langerie and M. de Montaudé, both remarkable ugly men, quarreled, and challenged one another. Arrived at the place of meeting, M. de Langerie staring his adversary in the face, says; "I have just reflected; I can't fight you." With this he returns his sword into the scabbard. "How sir! what does this mean?" "It means that I shall not fight." "What! you insult me; and refuse to give me satisfaction?" "If I have insulted you, I ask a thousand pardons; but I have an insurmountable reason for not fighting with you." "But, sir, may one know it?" "It will offend you." "No, sir." "You assure me?" "Yes, I assure you." "Well, sir, it is this: if we fight, according to all appearances I shall kill you, and then I shall remain the ugliest fellow in the kingdom." His adversary could not help laughing, and they returned to the city good friends.

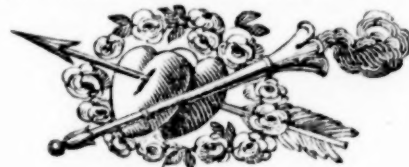
"GIVING COLOR TO THE IDEA."—A young man, in a large company, descending very flippantly on a subject, his knowledge of which was evidently very superficial, the Duchess of Devonshire asked his name. "Scarlet," replied a gentleman who was standing by. "That may be," said her Grace, "and yet he is not very deep red."

MATRIMONY is a medicine very proper for young men to take. It decides their fate—either kills or cures.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. V. D. Sumpterville, S. C. \$1.00; W. F. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; B. P. Van Deusenville, Mass. \$1.00; W. D. J. Stockton, N. Y. \$2.00; L. L. S. Branford, Ct. \$10.00; E. H. S. Jerusalem, L. I. \$1.00; M. D. G. Bradford, Vt. \$10.00; V. W. B. Berlin, Vt. \$1.00; P. H. S. Baldwin's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. L. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. Hall's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. H. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Lansingburgh, N. Y. \$3.00; S. W. New Salem, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Corinth, N. Y. \$2.00; D. A. V. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Waitsfield, Vt. \$5.00; E. T. Chatham, N. Y. \$2.00; E. B. Bath, N. Y. \$1.00; O. R. B. Stearnsville, Mass. \$10.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$19.00; P. M. North Wardsborough, Vt. 1.00; S. R. Peckskill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Concord Vt. \$2.00; N. G. Canandaigua, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. M'Indoe's Falls, Vt. \$5.00; H. P. Springfield, Ms. \$9.87; J. S. B. Throopsville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. P. M. Gallatinville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Schenectada, N. Y. \$2.00; S. V. R. T. Port Covington, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$5.00; H. P. W. Calais, Me. \$10.00; P. M. West Greenfield, N. Y. \$3.00; W. A. J. Bethel, Ct. \$10.00; J. O. Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fall's Village, Ct. \$2.00; L. F. Ellsburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Burnt Hills, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Washington, Ct. \$10.00; P. M. Phoenix, N. Y. \$7.00; P. M. Scottsville, N. Y. \$2.00; W. N. W. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. Prattsville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. Mechanicsville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. E. B. Six Mile Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; L. S. Nunda Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; R. W. Hartford, Vt. \$1.00; H. J. H. Lee, Mass. \$10.00; C. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Redhook, N. Y. \$5.00; A. B. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; B. L. T. B. Vandalia, Ill. \$0.75; J. A. M. Lexington Heights, N. Y. \$1.00; M. H. Windham, N. Y. \$1.00; H. G. I. Schoharie, C. H. N. Y. \$1.00; S. P. F. Cornwall Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; P. B. H. North Haverhill, N. H. \$10.00; P. M. Bridgewater, N. Y. \$1.75; L. W. Greenbush, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Jersey Shore, Pa. \$1.00; N. B. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; S. R. New Concord, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. K. Greenport, N. Y. \$2.00; E. B. South Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Lee, Mass. \$2.00; S. H. C. Harrisburgh, Pa. \$1.00; M. P. H. Swansey, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. Earlville, N. Y. \$1.00; D. M. A. Erie, N. Y. \$1.00; L. A. D. Marshall, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. North Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; O. B. G. Port Henry, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. W. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. A. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. Northeast, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$6.00; C. W. B. Cincinnati, O. \$10.00; P. M. Manchester, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Palatine, N. Y. \$2.00; F. J. C. Cornwall Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Alexander, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Conway, Ms. \$2.00; P. M. Victor, N. Y. \$2.00; E. S. Trenton, N. Y. \$10.00; T. S. B. Comstock's Landing, N. Y. \$5.00; C. H. G. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y. \$2.00; S. A. Q. Euclid, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. C. Beaufort, S. C. \$2.00; P. M. Moretown, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Shelburne Falls, Ms. \$2.00; S. M. Rushville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. D. P. Lower Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; J. T. Elizabethtown, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Bemus Heights, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. East Bern, N. Y. \$5.00; W. B. H. Jeromesville, O. \$1.00; S. B. Union Square, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$17.00; W. R. W. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$5.00; J. C. Ancram, N. Y. \$3.00; H. W. Clarence, N. Y. \$1.00; O. S. Alfred, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Fletcher, Vt. \$5.00; J. W. S. Big Prairie, O. \$1.50; A. R. Genoa, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Hellen, Pa. \$1.00; R. H. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Tioga Center, N. Y. \$5.00; C. W. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; M. S. Cassville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Troy, N. Y. \$2.00; L. H. Alder Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Tuscarora, N. Y. \$2.00; E. W. Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Phoenix, N. Y. \$3.00; G. C. A. Littleton, N. H. \$5.00; O. K. P. Town Line, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$10.00; P. M. Dalton, Ms. \$5.00; G. C. Canajoharie, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Sherburne, N. Y. \$1.25; P. M. Marlborough, N. H. \$3.00; P. M. Wilson, N. Y. \$2.00; R. W. New York, \$1.00.



Married,

In this city, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Silas W. Tobey, of the firm of Tobey & Nash, to Miss Aida S. daughter of Kilian Miller, Esq. all of this city.
On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. John P. Loop, of New York, to Miss Emeline Matilda, daughter of John J. Davis, Esq. of this city.
On the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. John Waggoner to Miss Elizabeth Bowman.

Died,

In this city, on Friday morning, the 19th ult. Sarah Ann, wife of Mr. John Meadowcroft, in the 30th year of her age.
At Ghent, on the 17th ult. Margaret Heermance, in the 50th year of her age.
In Ghent, on the 21st ult. Mr. John C. Hogeboom, in the 73d year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A MOTHER,

On the Death of her only Child.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

It is not in a land of storms,
That the beautiful may grow—
The blushing rose-bud fades away
Where wintry tempests blow.

And sure, 'tis in a cloudless clime,
Mid spirits of the blest,
That the sweet blossom of the soul
Doth find its perfect rest.

So, if the flow'ret thou didst rear,
All delicate and lone,
Is sheltered thus, give thanks to God,
And make his will thine own.

For hear'st thou not, in some blest hour
That lifts the thought above,
Her glad, free spirit flowing forth
To bless a parent's love?

Hartford, Conn. May 26, 1840.

For the Rural Repository.

THE CLOUDS.

On evening clouds I love to gaze
When Sol has lost his noon-tide blaze,
And kisses with his latest ray
The mountain tops at close of day.
In melancholy's gloomy hour
They have a sadly pleasing power;
By fancy's aid their dark forms ape
Full many a black and dreary shape.
Funeral processions passing by
In solemn pomp along the sky—
The winding sheet, the gloomy shroud,
Hang in the form of every cloud;
While zephyr sounds—melodious strife;
The requiem of departed life.
But when brave deeds of martial fame
Kindle the soul into a flame,
The ever-varying cloud assumes
The shape of chiefs with nodding plumes—
The gallant charger's neck superb
Bent to the trappings of the curb!
The banner waves, the falchion flashes!
And towns and cities smoke in ashes;
While zephyr, as she sweeps along,
Sounds the triumphant victor's song.
When pleasure, too, fills up her cup,
To buoy the sinking spirits up;
Lo! on the protean cloud behold
Gay forms in garments fringed with gold.
In brilliant maze, careering there,
They seem like beings of the air.
Just paused to spend an hour of mirth,
And gaze upon the things of earth;
While changing zephyr seems to bring
Whispers and laughter on her wing.
According to the tone of mind,
Thus nature weeps or smiles, we find.
Sorrow that on the soul comes down,
Of summer's smile can make a frown;
While pleasure every pain beguiles,
And turns e'en winter's frowns to smiles.

ITALY.

Reflections on reading Gibbon's Rome.

BY WILLIAM S. HOLDEN.

Oh land of heroes! Italy!

What changes hast thou known,
Since, victor in a thousand fields,
The world was all thine own.

Oh thou wert then a monarch land,
And wealth and power were in thy hand—
The earth resounded with thy fame,
And trembled at the Roman name;

Wading a dark and crimson flood,
From clime to clime thy war-chief bore
The Roman eagle, bathed in blood,
In every strife a conqueror.

On that proud day when Scipio flung
Thy banner to the morning sky,
Where all the furious war-cries rung
Of thousands, fighting but to die—

Then all alone, triumphant there

It here upon the evening air

The blood-red palm of glory won

From Afric's mightiest, bravest son.

A shout of triumph rose that day,

For Carthage was thy deadliest foe—

And well was Rome's imperial sway
Sealed by her overthrow.

But thou art fallen! thine hour of need

Has set the Helot nations free,

And vainly did thy children bleed

To win eternal power for thee;

'Twas vainly too that Curtius gave

Himself into a yawning tomb,

And sought in youth the fearful grave

To turn away his country's doom.

It could not save the Roman state

When came its own dark hour of fate.

The children of thy palmy hour

Who oft at freedom's altar met,

Those patriot hearts were cold before

Thy sun of glory set.

They were the gallant and the free—

A noble race and brave:

Oh! could they now but look on thee

From out their time-worn grave,

And see the Austrian lord it o'er

That land which ruled the world before,

Their own, their cherished Italy,

Bending to its own serfs the knee,

A servile, cringing slave!—

They'd blush to own the craven race,

Who tamely yield their birth-rights up,

And cursing, bid them drink their fill

Of slavery's bitter cup.

And it was meet that thou should'st feel

The withering blight of fortune's frown,

And in thy turn be forced to kneel

To thine own vassals down:

For black with crime was thy career,

And traced in human gore;

Thy boastful songs of triumph were

The death-dirge of thy power.

The Roman war-cries oft had pealed

Amid the furious battle clang,

And over many a bloody field

Thy shout of triumph rang.

Oh thou wert drunk with might and fame

Before the vandal spoiler came,

And on the altars where they stood

Thy laurel wreaths were dripping blood.

Italian skies are glorious now,

The sun looks down as brightly still

As when the nations learned to bow

Beneath her haughty will;

Still the soft breezes wanton there
And earth around is still as fair,
The scenes of grandeur are the same—
But men are changed and sunk in shame.

Fair Italy! in boyhood's hours
Full oft I've read thy story—all,
And musing on thy lofty course
Have wondered at thy fall;
And still one wish was ever near,
One longing in my breast,
To turn my wandering footsteps where
Thy heroes lie at rest;
And standing on thy classic sod
To tread the soil that Cato trod,
To view the earth and sea and sky
Thy sons of glory looked upon,
To see the mournful victory
That time o'er thee hath won.

The vine-clad hills and bowers among
Which BRUTES lived and VIRGIL sung.

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